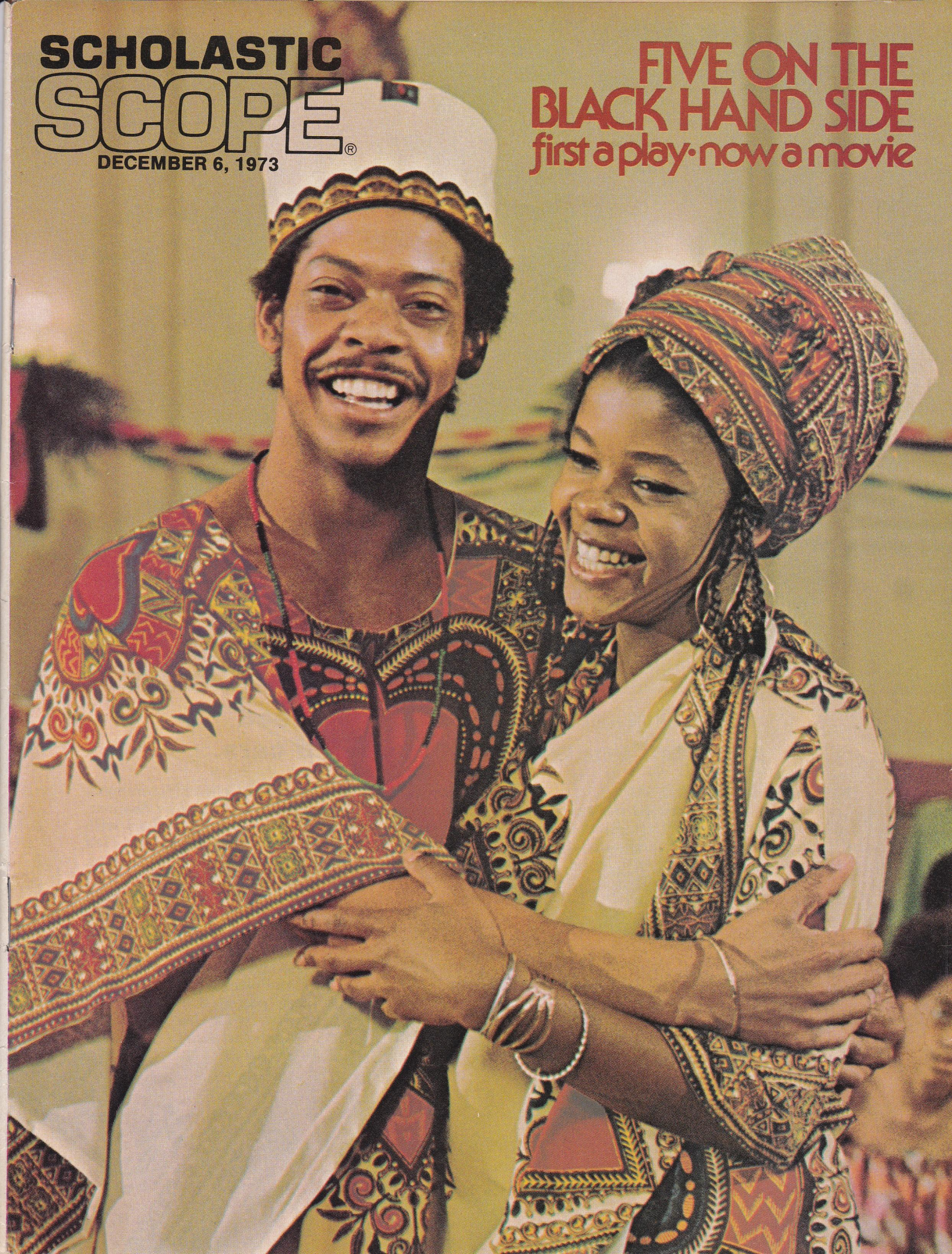


SCHOLASTIC
SCOPE[®]
DECEMBER 6, 1973

**FIVE ON THE
BLACK HAND SIDE**
first a play · now a movie



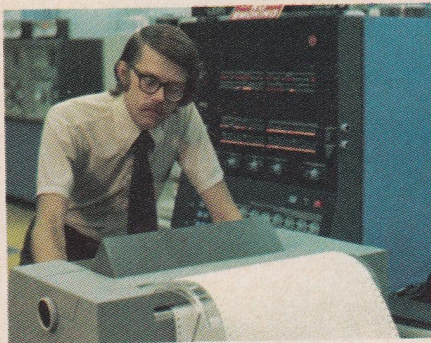


Dan Pursel races from high-speed accident analysis to high-speed cars.

Dan's duties as Senior Project Engineer on the Environmental Activities Staff at the GM Tech Center in Warren, Michigan, are not as fast-moving as his off-duty days at the races. But they do keep him moving from his office to computer to the GM proving grounds.

In his current project, Dan uses a computer to evaluate and analyze restraint systems, including air cushions. These results on the relative value of various restraint systems in life-saving and injury prevention will ultimately aid in the selection and further develop-

ment of air cushions or other restraint devices. Some of these results were recently presented to some of the country's leading safety



engineers at a General Motors sponsored Automotive Safety Seminar.

Dan is equally involved with automotive safety off the job. He's been a familiar face at Sebring, Daytona and Watkins Glen as a pit crew member on John Greenwood's Corvette racing team. And he's been a technical inspector for dragstrips. His latest project is building and racing his own car.

Dan Pursel is one of those people who makes his work his life. And helps make life better for all of us.



General Motors

Interesting people doing interesting things.

SCHOLASTIC SCOPE



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Cover photo courtesy of United Artists

Have a problem? Have an opinion to share? Write to: What's on Your Mind?, Scholastic Scope, 50 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036. (Sorry, no answers by mail.)

"Concerned" wrote: "Some women don't want to act like men. They want men to control them. They want to stay home and raise children. Just because some women are weird doesn't mean everyone is." You sent us many opinions. Here are a few:

Some women want careers that were once considered for men only. Some men want to do things that were considered women's work. People should be able to do what they wish. Boys should not be taught things like it's bad to enjoy poetry. Girls should not be taught things like it's bad to enjoy sports. Staying home and raising children is a very important job. The Women's Movement is not trying to take away your right to do that. We're trying to build a world where men and women can live as equals. Is this so wrong?

P.H., Jackson, KY

Being feminine doesn't mean you have to be a housewife. I'm a girl, and I don't want to act like a man. But we should be socially and mentally equal to men.

Equally Concerned

Women today think they have it bad. Well, about 200 years ago, women didn't have what we have today. For example, they had to make their own soap and candles. I could see complaining back then. But we've got it good now. Why push it?

S.A., OH

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Women's Libbers aren't weird. What *does* seem strange is why a woman would want a man to control her. I'm a girl, and I want to stay one. But I'm good for something besides staying home all day.

A Women's Libber

I think "Concerned" is half right. Some women *do* want men to control them. But a woman who wants the same privileges as a man isn't weird. I want a nice man to marry me. But I don't want him to own me like a slave. I want to be a mother. But I also want a job with the same pay as a man would get.

S.S.

If men controlled women, this would not be a free country. If you want to stay home, that's fine. But some women don't want to. Is it your right to tell them what to do? That is like saying a man must pick cotton because he is black.

Angry, Tullahoma, OK

Now, here are some letters asking for advice:

I am very interested in space and life after death. I know a lot about these things. But I can't seem to make friends. What should I do?

Help, IN

My parents hate my boy friend. When they talk about him, I get so mad. Sometimes I think I'll pick up and go. If they push me much farther, I probably will.

R.S., Jacksonboro, NC

Charlie Russell Talks About "FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE"

**"You've been
coffy-tized,
blacula-rized and
super-flied!
You've been
macked,
hammered,
slaughtered and
shafted!
But now we're
gonna turn you on
to some brand new jive!
You're gonna be
glorified,
unified and
filled with pride...
when you see
*Five on the
Black Hand Side.*"**

— Charlie L. Russell

Several years ago, Charlie Russell wrote a play called *Five on the Black Hand Side*. Recently, he turned his play script into a film script. We asked Mr. Russell if this was hard. Here's what he had to say:

"I had never written a film script before. So I went to the library. I started reading books about the movies. I picked up ideas here and there. I would read something and think, 'Hey, this is something new. This is different.'

"Mostly, the writing was hard work. The script was written over at least seven times. You know, the produc-

ers would say, 'This doesn't work. Let's try it this way. Oh, no, that doesn't work. Let's put it over there.'

"But I wasn't hung up about my play. I really didn't mind changing things."

What kinds of changes did he have to make?

"Well, movies are very different from plays," he said.

"Movies are mostly motion. I think if directors had their way, they would have no words in movies at all! You can have long speeches in a play. But you can't in a movie. So you learn how to break the speeches up. You put three lines of a speech over here. Then a guy walks around a little. Then you put four more lines over there."

Some of the lines in the play are not in the movie. Why were they cut out? Did the director feel that the lines were wrong? Did he want to change the characters in some way?

"No," Mr. Russell said. "It's not like that. Here's the way they talk to a writer. They say, 'Hey, Charlie. The movie has been on for 35 minutes, and the cat is still in the apartment. We got to get the movie moving!'"

"When a guy puts that kind of logic on you, you cut! I think we made some mistakes. But I think we made some things better. I like the movie. We had great people working on it. It was fun."

What made him decide to write a comedy like *Five*?

"I really don't know. I didn't set out to write a play like this. Some of it is based on my life. Some of it is not. I never knew anybody like Mr. Brooks. But when the play came out, people kept telling me they know a Mr. Brooks."

"Most of what Mr. Brooks stands for I'm against. I agree more with Gideon and Preston. But you shouldn't be able to know that. I mean, you have to be fair to all your characters. You have to show what's good and what's bad about them."

Is the movie about the women's lib movement?

"No," he said. "It's about a particular woman at a particular time. The women's lib thing is a device. It is one way to say something about my characters. When I wrote the play, the women's lib thing was happening. Campus protests were happening. A writer uses what is around him. I used these things to make points about my characters."

What does Mr. Russell think of black movies like *Shaft* and *Superfly*?

"I think two ways. Some people call them 'exploitation films.' They say that these films use black people in a bad way. But I go to all these movies. I stand in line. I don't see anyone in hand-



cuffs. No one is forcing people to see these movies. People go to them because they like them.

"Now, I don't think that movies cause violence. But I think they have some influence on people. And these movies make it seem as if life is cheap. So I don't know what to think. I'm not going to judge them.

"I will say one thing, though. Usually, when a lot of black people are into something, there's something important to it. That's what I've noticed. So maybe there is more to these movies than some people think."

We asked Mr. Russell about the statement at the beginning of this article. What does he mean by "You've been coffy-tized..." and the rest?

"It's a funny thing about that. The movie people asked me to write the trailer for the movie. A trailer describes a movie that is coming to a theater. So I wrote this, using the names of other black films. I like it. It's funny.

"Then the movie people put the thing in ads with my name on it. When I saw that, I thought, 'Oh, no! It looks like I'm boasting.' But I didn't mean that those other films are bad. I just meant, 'You've seen the others. But this is something new, something different.'"

Would he ever write a movie like *Shaft*?

"I'd like to. I think I could do it — and still say something. See, if people put their money down, you've got to entertain them. But once

you've got them there, you can say something important.

"That's what I like about *Five*. I feel it's entertaining. It also gives me a chance to say things that need saying. *Five* is both a comedy and a serious film. It takes some viewers a while to realize it's okay to laugh. Hey, you're supposed to laugh!"

How did Charlie Russell get into writing in the first place?

"I was a junior in college. I took a writing course. I wrote a story about a basketball player. I played basketball myself in college. Anyway, I handed in the story, and the teacher flipped. So I decided I would be a writer."

What happened then? Did success come quickly? Or did it take a while?

"For several years, I dabbled. I wrote, but I wasn't very serious about it. At the same time, though, I read a lot. In college, I had never come across one black writer. And I was an English major! What's more, I didn't think there was anything strange about that. But when I left school, I started reading all the black writers.

"Then about 10 years ago, I got serious about writing. I found out I was pretty good. But I didn't want to be a starving writer. So I kept working at jobs that paid regular wages. And I kept on writing. I figured it was just a matter of time."

Does Mr. Russell have any advice for young writers?

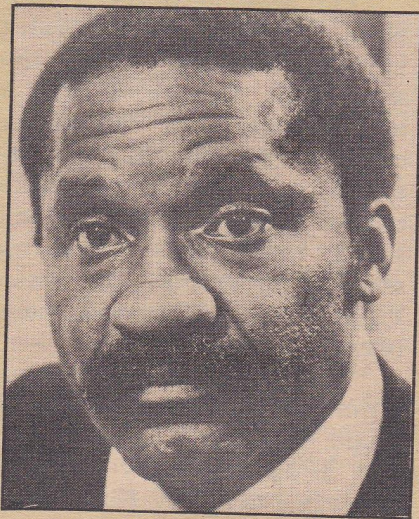
"Read a lot. Live a lot. And write a lot! If you write short stories, you should have a pile of them. If you write poetry, you should have a pile of poems. Don't worry about getting published. And don't forget that you've got to eat. So get a job, and keep writing."

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE

A NEW MOVIE

CHARACTERS

Mrs. (Gladys) Brooks
Mr. (John Henry) Brooks
Gail
Gideon
Booker T
Sweets
Preston
Ruby
Woman
Stormy Monday
Marvin



Adapted from the screenplay by Charlie L. Russell. Courtesy of United Artists.

Open on: The roof of an apartment house. It is early morning. Gideon Brooks is camped out on the roof. He is sleeping on an air mattress. Beside him are some books by black writers. There are also cans of food and an African spear. Gideon wakes up and starts doing karate exercises.

Dissolve to: Downstairs in his family's kitchen. Mrs. Brooks is making breakfast. Mr. Brooks enters in a fancy smoking jacket.

Mrs. Brooks: Your coffee is getting cold, Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Brooks (*reading a letter as he sits*): Yes! Brilliant! This will fix his wagon. You've got to know how to handle these college boys, Mrs. Brooks! (*He begins to add something to the letter. But his pen won't work. Mrs. Brooks quickly brings him another one. He takes it without looking up.*) There! Mrs. Brooks, you can give this to your youngest son. Tell him these are my demands!

Mrs. Brooks: Yes, Mr. Brooks. (*She gives him a newspaper. Then she serves him breakfast. As he eats, she fixes his lunch.*)

Mr. Brooks: Oh, Mrs. Brooks, your appointment book. (*She hands it to him.*) Hmmm. I see you have some spare time around noon. I think you should take a walk. (*He writes "walk" in the book.*) There! You have a good schedule today, Mrs. Brooks.

Mrs. Brooks: Yes, Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Brooks (*reading newspaper*): Hmmm. The Plessey Company has made a \$648 million deal. Brilliant! Brilliant move! Especially since money is getting so tight. By the way, Mrs. Brooks. You'll have to wear your blue dress to Gail's wedding.

Mrs. Brooks: But you promised I could get a new one.

Mr. Brooks: I know, Mrs. Brooks. But it's a matter of economics. The whole economic situation is shaky. Nationally and internationally.

Mrs. Brooks (*crying softly*): Yes, Mr. Brooks.

(Cut to: Their bedroom. Mrs. Brooks is tying Mr. Brooks' necktie for him.)

Mr. Brooks: Don't worry, Mrs. Brooks. Things are going to work out. Why, just look at our son Booker T. He and I used to fight all the time. Now he's working steady, trying to get ahead. (*Mrs. Brooks, still upset, pulls his tie tight. He gasps.*)

Mrs. Brooks (*turns and calls*): Gail! Gail, wake up!

Gail (*from her bedroom*): All right, Momma. (*She turns on her radio to some music.*)

Mr. Brooks: Turn down that radio! Booker T is trying to sleep! (*To Mrs. Brooks*) Oh, well, in two days, she'll be Martin's problem.

Mrs. Brooks: Marvin. His name is Marvin, Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Brooks: Him and his



African wedding. He's almost as crazy as that Gideon up on the roof.

Gail (enters): Did I hear you say Booker T is here?

Mr. Brooks: Yes. He came over last night. We wound up talking half the night. I was just telling your mother what a fine young man our oldest son is. Too bad her youngest son doesn't take after him.

Gail: Oh, Dad, why don't you give Gideon a break?

Mr. Brooks: I'll give him a break all right. Over his hard head! Going on strike against his own father!

Gail: Dad, you don't understand.

Mr. Brooks: Then explain it to me. You can also ex-

plain why you and Martin have to have a mumbo-jumbo wedding.

Gail: It's not a mumbo-jumbo wedding!

Mr. Brooks: Okay. Why must you have an African wedding? Mrs. Brooks and I raised you to be a good Christian.

Gail: Dad, this is the 20th century. Black people are into natural hair, African names, and African weddings. It's our way of saying we are black people.

Mr. Brooks (laughs): My dear girl. Black people have been black ever since I can remember. And they didn't have to take on a lot of foreign ways, either.

Gail: Foreign ways! (*She runs into her bedroom.*)

Mr. Brooks: See what happens when I try to get some understanding around here? Some child of mine goes storming out of the room.

Mrs. Brooks: Gail! Come back and apologize to your father!

Gail (coming back): I'm sorry, Daddy. (*She hugs him.*) I know I shouldn't explode like that. But I wish you and Gideon would stop fighting before my wedding. All right, Daddy?

(*Mr. Brooks melts. He gives her a hug. Then he checks his clothes in a mirror. White shirt, dark tie, dark suit with a vest. He puts on a hat and picks up a black umbrella. He looks like a banker.*)

Mr. Brooks (taking a briefcase from Mrs. Brooks): Thank you, Mrs. Brooks. Don't forget to take that little walk.

(*Cut to: The roof. Gideon sees his father leave for work.*)

(*Cut to: Mrs. Brooks and Gail in Gail's bedroom.*)

Gail (choosing a dress to wear): Momma, remember when I was 11? I just knew I'd be an old maid. And now I have Marvin. I'm so happy, it's frightening.

Mrs. Brooks: Oh, Gail, I'm so happy for you. You don't know how I've prayed for this day to come. When you get married, I can keep a promise I made to myself years ago. You see I promised myself —

(*The phone rings. Gail runs to answer it. Mrs. Brooks sighs and goes into the kitchen. Gideon has climbed down the fire escape. Now he comes in through the kitchen window.*)

Gideon: Relax, everybody. Have no fear; the kid is here.

(He kisses his mother. Then he leaves to take a shower. We can hear him singing an African chant.)

Booker T *(enters the kitchen)*: Man, this sure is a crazy house. Radios. Telephone. And Gideon sounding like something crawled up his throat and died. Getting my own place was a hip move.

Gail: Hi, Booker T.

Booker T: Girl, don't call me by that slave name! You know everyone calls me Sharrief!

Gail: Sorry about that. That was Marvin on the phone. He just wanted to know how I was. Oh, Momma, we're going to be so happy.

Booker T *(copying her)*: Oh, Momma, we're going to be so happy. Girl, why don't you come out of that Doris Day bag?

Gail: Sometimes I don't understand you, Booker T. I mean Sharrief. I'm tired of all your criticism. I want to see some of your activism.

Booker T: You're getting as bad as that creep Gideon. The solution to the black man's problem is simple. But guys like Gideon start talking and mix everybody up. Dig this. Power comes from the barrel of a gun.

Gail: I've got better things to do than sit around murder-mouthing people. *(She starts to leave.)*

Mrs. Brooks: Gail. You can listen to this, too, Booker T. Before the phone rang, I was telling your sister something. I made a promise to myself a long time ago. I promised myself that —

Gideon *(enters)*: Hey, Sis. *(Admiring her dress)* Marvin sure is one lucky dude. Hey, Booker T.

Booker T: Hey, man. You know my name.



Gideon: Sorry. I'll remember next time, Booker T.

Mrs. Brooks: I wish you two wouldn't be at each other so much.

Booker T *(to Gideon)*: Hey, man. I've got to talk to you about something.

Gideon: What?

Booker T: In private.

Gideon: Well, I've been wanting to talk to you in private, too. I'm going out for an hour. I'll meet you after I come back.

Booker T: Cool. I'll meet you on the roof.

Mrs. Brooks: Gideon, before you came in, I was telling Gail and Booker T something. I was saying how happy I am that Gail is —

(The doorbell rings. Gideon answers it. Some of his and Gail's friends enter. They are all going to decorate the wedding hall.)

Booker T: Hey, Sis. I'll give you a break by walking you to the corner.

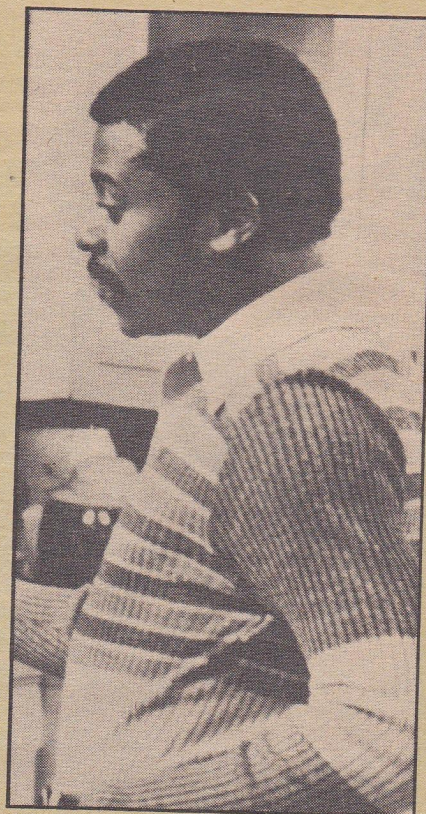
(As they leave, Mrs. Brooks remembers the letter for Gideon.)

Mrs. Brooks: Gideon!

Gideon *(comes back in)*: Yeah, Momma?

Mrs. Brooks *(hands him the letter)*: Mr. Brooks left this for you. *(He stuffs it in his pocket.)* You could at least read it. Go on.

Gideon *(reading it)*: "Dear



son, Gideon. I shall not try to list all your sins at this time. But I must point out that it is you who is on strike against your own father. Why? Because he wants you to be a business major. You know that a degree in anthropology does not prepare one to earn money. My demands are two. Cool it. And correct your sins immediately, if not sooner. I realize how hard it must be to follow in such large footsteps as mine are. I stand ready to forgive, as soon as you meet my demands. Your humble father, Mr. Brooks." *(To his mother)* He's full of stuff!

Mrs. Brooks: Gideon!

Gideon: Well, he is full of stuff. Talking about following his footsteps. You'd think he runs General Motors, instead of that barbershop.

Mrs. Brooks: Being a barber is honest work.

Gideon: Ah, Momma. It's not that. Dad wants me to play it safe. He wants me to become part of that system.

But that's not my way. I can't turn my back on everything I believe in.

Mrs. Brooks: I guess you're right. We always taught you to stand up for what you believe in. *(Pause.)* Gideon?

(Gideon's friends are waiting outside. One of them yells for him to hurry.)

Gideon: I'm coming! Yeah, Momma?

Mrs. Brooks: Oh, nothing. They're waiting for you. What I have to say can wait for another time.

Gideon *(leaving)*: Okay. See you, Momma.

(Cut to: The Black Star Barbershop. Sweets, the assistant, is cleaning up. Mr. Brooks is now wearing a barber's jacket. Preston, a young barber, enters. He is carrying a pile of books.)

Sweets: Hey, schoolboy.

Mr. Brooks: When is that class finished, Preston?

Preston: Two more months.

Sweets: Then you'll be gone, huh?

Preston: Like a turkey through the corn.

Sweets: Hey, John Henry—is Gideon still up on the roof?

Mr. Brooks: I've asked you not to mention that name to me.

Preston: That Gideon is one out-of-sight youngster.

Mr. Brooks: I fixed his wagon this morning. That mess is coming to a halt. But I shouldn't be wasting my time worrying about that boy. He'll be a man soon. Then it will just be me and Mrs. Brooks.

Preston: How were you so lucky to get a good woman like Mrs. Brooks?

Mr. Brooks: Luck, Preston? Mrs. Brooks is no accident. I created her with these very hands.



Sweets: Talk that talk, John Henry.

(Cut to: Mrs. Brooks doing her laundry. She is talking to Ruby, a good friend.)

Mrs. Brooks: If you catch a sucker, bump his head. That's what they say. Trouble is, they're talking about me.

Ruby: Don't be so hard on yourself, Gladys.

Mrs. Brooks: It's true, Ruby. I just let everybody push me around. But I've made up my mind. I'm leaving Mr. Brooks.

Ruby: Now, Gladys. It ain't the easiest thing to leave a man after all these years.

Mrs. Brooks: Telling me I can't buy a dress for my own daughter's wedding!

Ruby: Well, Mr. Brooks has his problems. But there's such a thing as going from the refrigerator into the frying pan.

Mrs. Brooks: Ruby, be serious.

Ruby: I am! Just as

serious as cancer. At least you can depend on Mr. Brooks.

Mrs. Brooks: Oh, the way that man courted me before we got married. Sugar-sweet names he called me. The day after we got married, he started calling me Mrs. Brooks. Now he's got me keeping that appointment book. He has to know what I'm doing every minute of the day.

Ruby: Gladys, you know I'm on your side. But I will say this for Mr. Brooks. He means well.

Mrs. Brooks: Last week, I spent 17 cents too much on groceries. Talk about a man carrying on! You'd have thought I was going to cause a panic on Wall Street!

(Cut to: The barbershop. Several customers are here now. Mr. Brooks and Preston are arguing about women. The others are enjoying their talk.)

Mr. Brooks: Controlling women is an art.



Preston: You really on a trip. One day, Mrs. Brooks is going to wake up and turn you completely around.

Mr. Brooks (sees a woman about to enter the shop): Sweets, man your post!

(Sweets runs to the door. The woman is collecting money for a religious group. She gets her head inside the door. But Sweets won't let her get any farther.)

Sweets: You can't come in here. No ladies allowed.

Woman: The kingdom of God is not a matter of talk. (She pushes at the door.) Be proud of yourselves for His part. Though He's not here in body, He's here in spirit!

Sweets: Sorry, lady. I ain't never let no lady past me. Ain't no sense in breaking a good record like that.

Woman (still pushing at the door): The man who sins will go to Satan! (She manages to get a hand inside. Sweets gives up and gives her some coins. She leaves. Sweets starts back to his chair.)

Mr. Brooks: Stop right there, sir. The treatment!

Sweets: Ah, John Henry. (He goes to a closet. He gets some disinfectant. Then he sprays it all over the front door.)

Mr. Brooks: That's the closest call we've had in years. I think Sweets is getting old.

(Cut to: The Brooks' kitchen. Ruby and Mrs. Brooks are still talking.)

Mrs. Brooks: I know it's not going to be easy to leave. But I just can't take it any more. Everybody treats me like an old couch.

(The doorbell rings. Mrs. Brooks opens the door. Stormy Monday enters. She is young and wears her hair in a natural.)

Stormy: Gladys, you got any baking powder?

Mrs. Brooks: I'll get it for you. (She gets the powder.) Stormy, I made up my mind this morning. I'm leaving Mr. Brooks.

Stormy: Hey, Ruby. You think Gladys is going anywhere?

Ruby: My name is Hess. I ain't in this mess.

Mrs. Brooks: The only

reason I've stayed was the children. The boys are old enough to care for themselves now. And Gail is getting married. When that preacher says I pronounce you man and wife, I'm starting me a new life.

Stormy: Ah, Gladys. I'll bet you don't even have any money saved.

Mrs. Brooks: I do too. I've got \$27.31.

Stormy: Where do you think that will get you?

Mrs. Brooks (starts crying): Oh, Stormy.

Stormy: Come on. I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm just trying to make a point. Truthfully, I don't think you're ready to leave Mr. Brooks. But you should do something. Let me think.

Mrs. Brooks: What should I do, Stormy?

Ruby: Yeah, come on. Run down your commercial.

Stormy: All right. Gladys has got to change herself.

Ruby: Change herself?

Mrs. Brooks: Change myself?

Stormy: That's right. We've got to create a new Gladys.

(Cut to: The roof. Booker T is there. Gideon appears.)

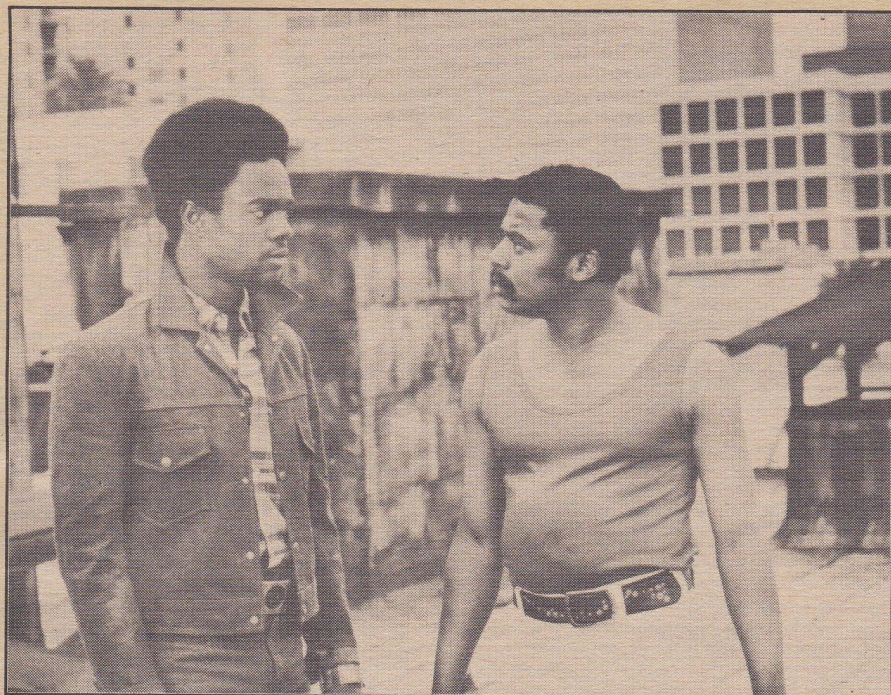
Booker T: Man, it sure has been a long time since I've been up here. I used to have my pigeon coop over there. That sure seems like a long time ago.

Gideon: Say, man. Didn't you want to talk to me about something?

Booker T: Yeah. Well, it's about Dad. He's really getting upset.

Gideon: That dude is always getting upset about something.

Booker T: Ah, come on, Gideon. You know how the old man likes to keep his business to himself. Now the neighbors are talking about



your strike. And it's getting to him.

Gideon: That's what the whole thing is about.

Booker T: Well, I think it's gone far enough. Dad's not bad once you get to know him. You know what's really happening with him? He's lonely. Look, Gideon. I'm just asking you to meet the old man half way.

Gideon: Dad is living in the 1930's. Instead of giving out advice, you ought to get your own house in order.

Booker T: What do you mean by that?

Gideon: Okay. Tell me something, man. I never see you uptown with any sisters. There's a whole lot of boss sisters out there. What's the matter? Can't you find one?

Booker T: Hey, what are you talking about?

Gideon: Do you have a white girl friend?

Booker T: Man, what are you talking about? Look, I came up here to get you and the old man together.

Gideon: Why don't you stop playing games? You

were seen going into Terry's with a blonde.

Booker T: So I see a white girl once in a while. Why are you getting so excited? It's not your business.

Gideon: Hey, sisters are some very beautiful people. We can't afford to get into a negative thing with them. How can we build a nation without strong families?

Booker T: Hey, *my* friends are *my* business!

Gideon: You ought to be getting your black thing together. Not going around with the enemy!

Booker T: People are people, man. That chick ain't nobody's enemy. She's an individual. And I'm me. Me!

Gideon: Man, you've got to get out of that "me" bag. If you're into a white thing, stop talking black. You confuse people. Don't sneak around. Be a man.

Booker T: Later for you, man. I don't have time to listen to a lot of nonsense. *(He starts to leave.)*

Gideon: Why don't you dig yourself, Super Spade?

Booker T: All right, Mr.

Know-It-All. I know what you need. *(He moves forward, ready to fight.)*

Gideon *(grabbing his African spear)*: Come on.

Booker T: Put down that spear!

Gideon: I'll put it down all right. *(He points the spear at Booker T, who pulls back.)* What's the matter, John Wayne?

Booker T: Put down that spear. Then I'll teach you a lesson.

Gideon: I'm teaching *you* a lesson. You're just not getting it. It's not about talk. It's about action. Dig it?

Booker T: You going to put down that spear?

Gideon: Can a buffalo skate?

Booker T *(leaving)*: Later for you, man.

(Cut to: The apartment below. Stormy is cutting Gladys' hair.)

Stormy: Gladys, wearing your hair in a natural changes your image. But you've got to change the way you act. Otherwise, Mr. Brooks will keep treating you the same way.

Ruby: Don't cut too much. Gladys will be looking like a man.

Mrs. Brooks: Oh, I don't want to look like no man.

Stormy: All right, Gladys. Stand up.

Mrs. Brooks *(looking into a mirror)*: Is this me?

(Cut to: Stormy dressing Gladys in African cloth.)

Mrs. Brooks: So this is the new me.

Stormy: Not the new you, Gladys. The real you!

Ruby: Gladys, you look like one of them African queens.

(Stormy takes off her hoop earrings. She puts them on Gladys. Then she puts a book on Gladys' head.)

Stormy: Gladys, you want to be an African queen? Then



you got to carry yourself like one.

(Gladys walks carefully at first. Then she begins to walk tall and proud.)

Stormy: That's it, Gladys! Okay, let's go.

Mrs. Brooks: Wait! I've got to do one last thing. *(She picks up her appointment book and throws it out the window.)* There!

(Cut to: The barbershop. It is filled with men talking and laughing. Suddenly, Mrs. Brooks, Stormy, and Ruby burst in.)

Mrs. Brooks: The queen visits the king! Here! *(She hands some papers to Mr. Brooks.)*

Mr. Brooks (to Sweets): The door!

Sweets: No women allowed!

Mrs. Brooks: This is a new day!

Stormy: That's right. A new day!

Preston (smiling): Mrs. Brooks!

Sweets (afraid): Mrs. Brooks!

Mr. Brooks (amazed): Mrs. Brooks!

Mrs. Brooks: I'm here in the name of peace and freedom. And I demand that you sign my list of demands!

(Cut to: The roof, the next morning. Mrs. Brooks is wearing an Army jacket and helmet. Gideon is there, looking pleased. Gail is there, looking upset.)

Gail: Oh, Momma. My wedding is tomorrow. I don't want to sound selfish. But why did you choose a time like this to stand up to Dad?

Mrs. Brooks: Oh, baby. I don't know. It's more like the times chose me.

Gideon (to Gail): I'm sorry about the timing, Sis. But I'm glad to see Momma getting herself together.

Gail: I am, too. But it's like you're planning a war. Why does this have to be so serious? What are you and Momma up to, anyway?

Mrs. Brooks: Don't ask so many questions. Just take the list of demands back down to your father. Tell him it's his last chance.

Gail (as she leaves): I just hope everybody remembers there's a wedding tomorrow.

(Cut to: The Brooks' bedroom. Mr. Brooks is having a hard time getting ready for work. He is used to having Mrs. Brooks do everything for him. Booker T is trying to help out.)

Mr. Brooks: Dad-blast it! Which tie should I wear? Woman leaving me at a time like this! Could at least have put out my clothes before she left!

Gail (enters): Momma won't come back until you sign the list.

Booker T: What's going on up there, Sis?

Gail: Everything! Charts. Walkie-talkies.

Booker T: What in the world could they be planning?

(Suddenly, they hear yelling outside. They run to the window. Down on the street, Ruby and her children are carrying picket signs. And they are yelling, "Take the chain off your brain, John Henry!")

Mr. Brooks: Why, the nerve! What are they doing to me?

(The doorbell rings. Booker T opens the door. Sweets rushes in.)

Sweets: John Henry! You've got to do something! They have taken over our barbershop!

Gail: Who?

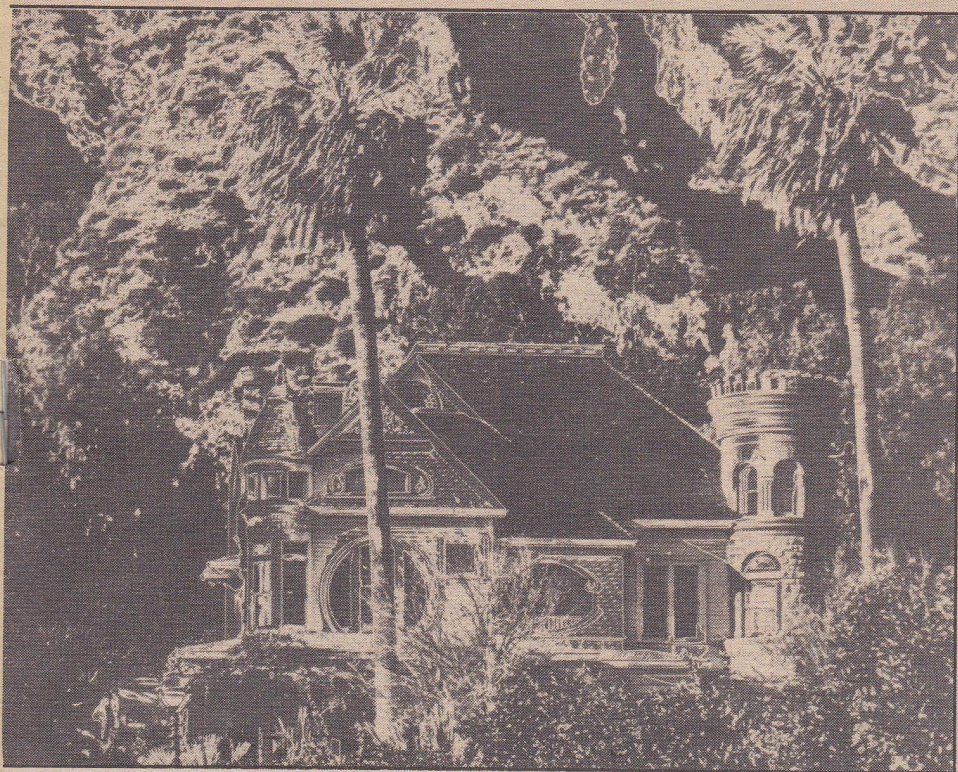
Sweets: Some of Gideon's friends. Kids with a whole lot of hair on their heads.

Booker T: Dad, you've got to do something.

Mr. Brooks: You're right, son. There's a couple of baseball bats in the closet. We'll fight our way into the barbershop.

Booker T: Wait, Dad. Think of the headlines: "Barber Arrested with Baseball Bat." You'd be the

(Continued on page 17)



Scholastic Kodak Photo Awards: Jani Trindl, Reseda, CA

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

BY RANDI MILLER
MONTGOMERY, AL

"Sure you're not scared?" Joey asked. "You can still back out."

"Of course not, fat boy!" Laurie said.

Tonight was Laurie's initiation into the Kings of Terror. It was the best club that any 11-year-old could hope to join. She had to prove that she wasn't afraid to spend the night in the old Hollingsworth mansion. She was the first girl to be picked, and she had to do it.

"I don't believe those stories about Jeremiah Hollingsworth," Laurie said. "Even if he's not dead yet, he couldn't still live there. And he certainly doesn't go around hanging kids from the chandelier."

"You better hope you're right," Joey said.

They reached the big oak tree across from the mansion. Everyone was there for

the big event. They were ready to see Laurie make a fool of herself.

"Go ahead, Laurie," Joey said. "You can come back out at the first ray of sun. We'll be waiting."

Laurie gripped her flashlight and jacket. She took a deep breath and headed toward the front gate.

The door opened easily. Laurie found herself in a wide hallway with a staircase at the far end. She tiptoed into what must have been the dining room. Spider webs hung from the ceiling and furniture.

Hearing something behind her, Laurie turned around. A huge gray rat was running across the floor. Frightened, Laurie ran into the kitchen.

Suddenly, a door slammed upstairs. A loud groan was followed by slow footsteps and the rattle of chains.

"Those boys," Laurie whispered to herself. "How fakey can they get?"

The footsteps were getting closer. Laurie noticed dirty

dishes in the sink, and a fresh loaf of bread on the table. Another plan to scare her, she decided.

The footsteps stopped. As Laurie went out into the hallway, the front door began to open. She hid beneath the stairway.

It was Joey. He looked in every room. Then he crept up the stairs. Ten or 15 minutes dragged by.

Then she heard another loud groan. A door slammed. Joey let out a horrible scream. The chains began to rattle. She heard the noise of a heavy object being dragged along the floor. Then there was silence.

Laurie laughed to herself. The boys were making complete fools of themselves. She was getting quite sleepy now....

When Laurie woke up, the sun was beginning to rise. She ran to the front door. She hardly looked at the dummy that the gang had hung from the chandelier.

The boys were all asleep. Laurie woke them, shouting, "I did it! I did it! You guys did a pretty good job, with the noises and everything. But I'm not that stupid!"

"What noises?" one boy asked.

"Hey, where's Joey?" another boy asked.

"Didn't he get you?" someone else asked. "He went in to find you. We wanted to go home."

"Oh, give up!" Laurie said. "You guys don't think I was fooled by that dummy dressed like Joey, do you?"

The boys fell silent.

Student-written poems, stories, and plays may be sent to: Student Writing, Scholastic Scope, 50 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036. Please type or print your contributions, and sign a statement saying: "This is my own writing; it is not a copy of someone else's work." Have your teacher or a parent sign it, too. If your writing is published in *Scope*, it becomes the property of Scholastic Magazines, Inc.

Who flies higher than a kite? Who dives faster than a bullet? Who says, "Perfect speed is being there" and "Heaven is being perfect"?

The who — or what — is Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Jonathan, a seagull, is the hero of a popular book. Now he's the hero of a new movie.

Jonathan belongs to a flock of gulls. But the other gulls are locked in the "gull system." They do what gulls do. They scream and fight over garbage.

Jonathan thinks there should be more to life than that. So he takes up stunt flying. Soon he's doing rolls and loops and power dives. He gets his flying speed up to 214 mph!

"Cool it, Jonathan," the other gulls tell him. "Gulls can't do things like that. Why do you always have to be different?"

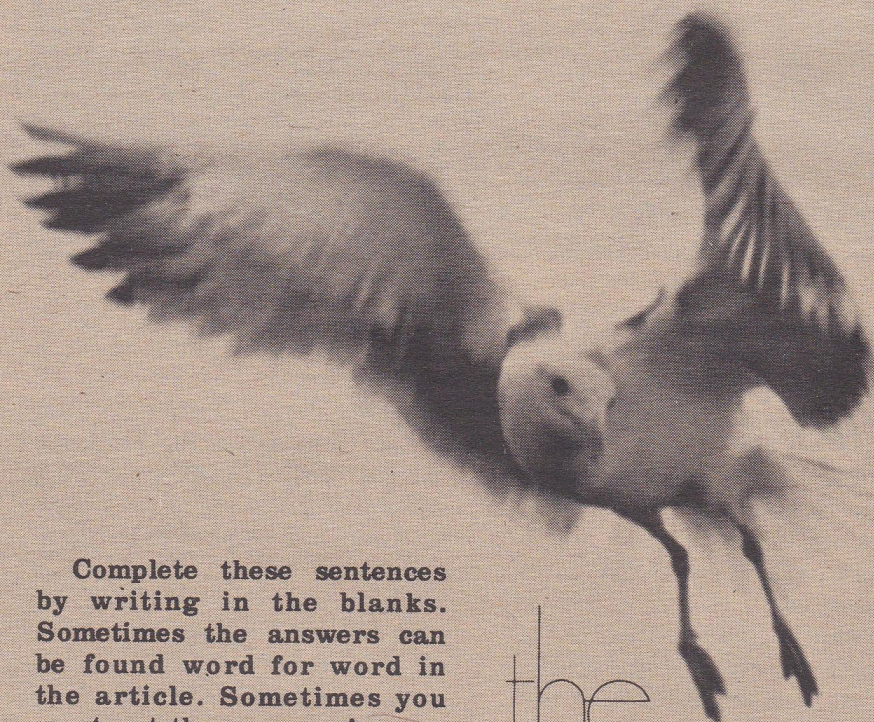
But Jonathan keeps on flying higher and faster. The other gulls want him to leave. Finally, he does. He soars high above the clouds and far away from home.

What is *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* all about? Part of the fun is trying to figure it out. Is it just a story about seagulls?

Some people think it is a new view of the story of Jesus. Others say it is about being born again after dying. But the meaning is up to you.

The "actors" are all real seagulls. The camera shows the earth and sky as a bird might see them. You almost feel as if *you* are doing the flying. At the same time, you have Neil Diamond's music in the background.

— Margaret Ronan
Movie Editor



Complete these sentences by writing in the blanks. Sometimes the answers can be found word for word in the article. Sometimes you must put the answers in your own words.

1. Jonathan is unlike the other gulls, because he wants more from life than _____.

2. This movie almost makes you feel as if you are flying, because it _____.

3. The other gulls don't like Jonathan, because _____.

4. Before *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* was a movie, it was a _____.

Discuss your answers with your teacher.

the
eye



the ear

Complete these sentences by writing the letter of the answer in each space.

A. Context

1. In this article, the word *harmony* probably means _____.

- a. a pleasing blend of musical sounds
- b. a certain way of taping songs
- c. a type of folk music
- d. music that comes from the heart

B. Sequence

2. In the 1960's, Simon and Garfunkel _____.

- a. made their first record
- b. first became friends
- c. made records together
- d. split up and started working apart

C. Inference

3. It is safe to guess that the writer of this article thinks that Alice Cooper _____.

- a. is a rock 'n' roll screamer
- b. needs to take singing lessons
- c. likes the song "Bridge Over Troubled Waters"
- d. doesn't like Simon and Garfunkel

Discuss your answers with your teacher.

In 1956, two 15-year-olds put out a record called "Hey, School Girl." At that time, they called themselves Tom and Jerry. Their real names were Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel.

In the 1960's, Simon and Garfunkel made beautiful albums together. The two are still making beautiful music. But now each one is working on his own.

Art Garfunkel's first solo album is called *Angel Clare*. It took Art two years to finish the album. You can understand why when you listen to it. You can tell that Art put a lot of work and care into each song.

Most of the songs have been recorded on many tracks. This allows Art to sing harmony with himself.

Art is used to singing this way. When he was very young, his parents had a tape recorder. The whole family would sing and tape their voices. Then they would sing along with the tape.

Art became friendly with

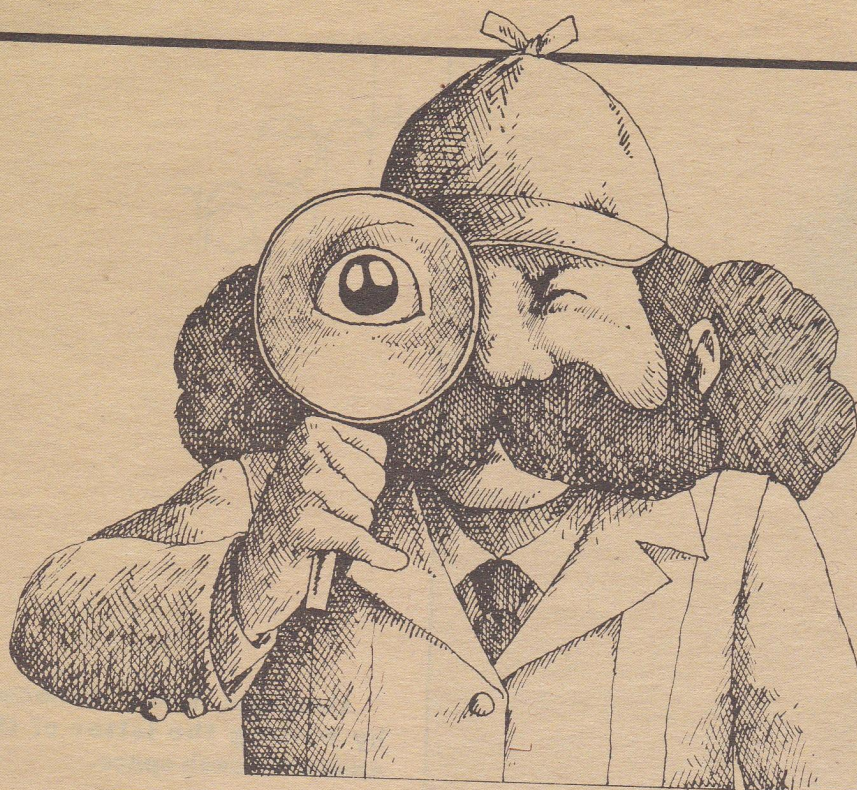
Paul Simon in junior high. The two boys began singing and taping songs. They found that Art was very good at making up harmonies.

This gift of his shows up on *Angel Clare*. "Down in the Willow Creek," for example, blends Art's voice on two tracks. The sound is perfect harmony.

The next cut on the album is "I Shall Sing." It is a song by Van Morrison that Art sings in calypso style. It has a strong Latin beat. Art sings one rhythm on one track. He sings another rhythm on another track. Again, the mix is just right.

Why did Art name the album *Angel Clare*? He says it goes along with his image of being sweet. He doesn't see any reason to go against this image. And all the songs on the album are sweet.

This seems right for Art Garfunkel. He will never be a rock 'n' roll screamer. But, then, could Alice Cooper sing "Bridge Over Troubled Waters"?



MINI MYSTERY

Professor Fordney had heard that Amos Rector would appear soon. He would be dropped by a car half a block from his house. Rector had been kidnapped 10 days before. His brother had paid \$75,000 to get him back alive.

A large car stopped at the corner of Clark and Camp Streets. Fordney looked at his watch. It was 11:38 p.m.

He followed the man who left the car. The man headed for the Rector house. He was tall, neatly dressed, and well groomed. He carried a briefcase.

Fordney touched him on the shoulder. The man turned in alarm.

"You're Rector?" Fordney asked.

"Yes," the man said. "What do you want?"

Fordney introduced himself. Then he asked Rector some questions.

"No, I don't know where the kidnappers kept me,"

Rector said. "They kept me blindfolded all the time. I had to sleep in my clothes. But they shaved me each day, and gave me plenty of food."

"What are you doing with a briefcase?" Fordney asked.

"I was kidnapped on the way to work. I had it with me at the time."

"Why didn't they take that diamond ring off your finger?" Fordney asked.

"Why — I don't know."

"You're lying about this matter," Fordney said. "I want the truth!"

How did Fordney know Rector was lying? For an extra clue, unscramble these words:

TAYNEL SERDDDES
(Solution in Teacher's Edition.)

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CH

The Strain Your Brain Show was on the air. The announcer was explaining a problem to the contestant.

"Now, Fred," the announcer said, "you will notice that we have three boxes here. The boxes are covered, so you cannot see inside them. One box has two black marbles in it. One box has two white marbles. And one box has a black marble and a white marble."

CROSS

ACROSS

1. Another word for *her*.
- * 4. Ford, Chevrolet, and Cadillac are
8. Animal that gives milk.
- * 10. January, February, and March are
11. What you hear with.
13. Amount (*abbrev.*).
14. A color in the U.S. flag.
15. Lines (*abbrev.*).
16. Leif Ericson, explorer (*initials*).
- * 17. Robins, sparrows, and parrots are
18. A small mark or spot.
19. Another word for *she*.
20. Yourself.
21. Opposite of *happy*.
23. Part of the body.
25. Past tense of *is*.
- * 26. Pines, oaks, and maples are
27. Opposite of *she*.
28. Near to; by.
29. Part of the foot.
30. A hot or iced drink.
31. Opposite of *daughter*.
- * 32. Red, green, and orange are
33. To allow; rhymes with *get*.
34. Not long from now.
35. Tame household animal.

CHALLENGE

"So far, I understand," Fred said. "I notice that each box has a label on it."

"That's right," the announcer said. "One label says 'Black and White.' The second label says 'Two Blacks.' And the third says 'Two Whites.'"

"What's the catch?" Fred asked.

"The catch is that every label is wrong," the announcer said.

"I see," Fred said. "Then each label is really telling me what is *not* in each box."

"That's right," the announcer said. "Now, you have to find out what color marbles are in each box. You may take only *one* marble out of *one* box to see what color it is."

Fred scratched his head and thought for a while. Then he said, "I know how to do it."

CHALLENGE: From which box did Fred take the marble?

HINT: He chose a box that is sure to have two of the same color.

(Solution in Teacher's Edition.)

WORD

DOWN

1. Opposite of *large*.
2. The place where you live; rhymes with *comb*.
3. Entrance (*abbrev.*).
4. A piece of furniture; rhymes with *their*.
5. Word used for comparing; "I'm _____ tall _____ you are."
7. Looks at; observes; watches.
8. Costa Rica (*abbrev.*).
9. Short for *Walter*.
12. Advertisement (*abbrev.*).
14. Roads (*abbrev.*).
15. Short for *Louis*.
17. What you sleep on.
18. A house pet that barks.
19. I have; you have; he _____.
20. Opposite of *no*.
21. Past tense of *sit*.
22. I am; you _____; he is _____.
23. A sour yellow fruit.
24. I had the most money; you had the _____.
25. The side of a room or a building.
26. 2,000 pounds (*plural*).
27. In this place; opposite of *there*.
29. Toward; in the direction of; same sound as *two*.
30. Opposite of *bottom*.
31. Street (*abbrev.*).
32. Company (*abbrev.*).

CATEGORIES

Each of the five starred (*) sentences names things that belong together in a group — or category. Give the name of the category.

1	2	3		4	5	6	7		8		9
10							11	12			
13						14				15	
16			17						18		
		19						20			
	21				22		23				24
25				26						27	
28			29						30		
		31				32					
33				34					35		

Dr. Lawrence B. Charry

WORD

ALPHABETICAL ORDER

All boys can dance except Fred.

Do you notice anything unusual about the sentence above? Each word begins with a different letter. And the words are in alphabetical order.

Suppose you have a list of words that begin with the same letter. How do you put the words in alphabetical order? The following sentence will give you a clue.

Sam sent six stupid suggestions.

The next sentence shows how to put words in alphabetical order when they all begin with the same two letters.

Fran frequently frightens frogs.

Now here are 10 groups of words. If you write them in alphabetical order, you will have sentences. (Don't worry if they don't make too much sense.) Begin each sentence with a capital letter. End it with a period or question mark.

1. can't in bees float jam _____
2. infants other giants like people just have _____
3. patients must obnoxious obey nurses _____
4. young sometimes quicksand very zebras upsets _____
5. Teddy turtles to teach train _____
6. without hound a yelping orders good obeys _____

7. are axes Archie Adam awkward and assembling _____

8. skeletons snugly seven slept silent _____

9. Shirley shrimp shovel shouldn't shyly shredded _____

10. in elephants January do forget history Greek _____

Try making up a sentence in which the first word begins with *a*, the second word begins with *b*, and so on. See how far into the alphabet you can get with one sentence.

FINDING WORDS IN A DICTIONARY

When you look for a word in a dictionary, you don't read every word on every page. Instead, you use the guide words at the top of each page. Guide words tell the first and last words that appear on the page.

Here are some dictionary page numbers, followed by the guide words on each page. Then there is a list of words. Decide which page each word would be found on. Write the page number next to the word.

Page 106: clarinet	clean
Page 107: cleaner	cleft
Page 108: clench	cloak

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. clip _____ | 6. client _____ |
| 2. clever _____ | 7. claw _____ |
| 3. cleaver _____ | 8. climb _____ |
| 4. class _____ | 9. clause _____ |
| 5. clef _____ | 10. clear _____ |

Discuss your answers with your teacher.

POWER

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE

(Continued from page 10)

laughingstock of Harlem. We've got to talk to them.

Mr. Brooks: I won't make any bargains under pressure.

Booker T: It's only the first step. We'll tell Momma we'll discuss her demands. But first, they must call off the pickets. And they must open the barbershop. We'll stall for time.

Gail: But that's not fair.

Booker T: You want that wedding to come off tomorrow, don't you? You read those demands to Dad. I'll go up to the roof. *(He leaves.)*

Gail: Here we go, Daddy. "I, John Henry Brooks, agree that things must change. Therefore, I agree to the following. I will no longer slurp my coffee. I will put the top on the toothpaste. I will no longer make my wife keep an appointment book. I —"

Mr. Brooks: No appointment book?

Gail: "I will give my wife an allowance each week. I will call my wife Gladys, not Mrs. Brooks. I will let my wife work in my barbershop as a manicurist. I —"

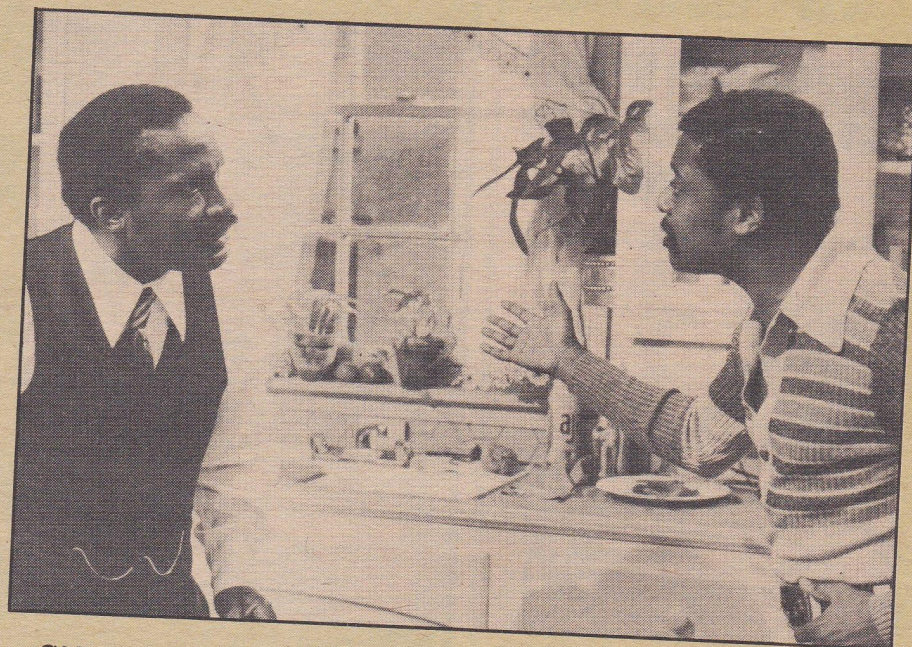
Mr. Brooks: What? Over my dead body! I've had enough!

Gail: But, Daddy. I'm not even half through.

(Cut to: The roof. Mrs. Brooks, Stormy Monday, and other women are practicing karate. Gideon studies a chart.)

Gideon: Well, we took over the barbershop. We set up pickets. Phase Three is where you come in, Stormy Monday.

Mrs. Brooks: And if he still doesn't sign, we enter Phases Four and Five.



Gideon: Sometimes I wish we didn't have to do it this way.

Mrs. Brooks: Me, too. You'd think I wanted your father to jump off a bridge. I just want him to relax. Relax and let me love him.

Booker T (enters): Hey, Momma. Dad's really going through a lot of changes.

Gideon: Is he ready to sign that list?

Booker T: Well, it's this way —

Mrs. Brooks: I can't figure you out, Booker T. You shouldn't be trying to get me to give in. You should be helping me stand up to him.

Booker T: Ah, I know the old man can be rough. But I thought you loved him.

Mrs. Brooks: I do! We all love him. But nobody can live with him.

Booker T: And all this time I thought you were a beautiful couple. I really did.

Mrs. Brooks: You've got a lot to learn about women. Never make a woman do anything that will make her lose her self-respect.

Gideon: Hey, man. You'd better go downstairs.

Booker T: Will you let me talk to Momma, please?

Gideon: You act like you talking to some little girl.

Booker T: Hey, you better watch yourself. Or I'll —

Gideon: Or you'll what?

Mrs. Brooks: Gideon! Booker T! You're brothers. Stop acting like strangers.

Marvin (enters with Gail): Gideon, what's come over you? It was bad enough when you were up here by yourself. Now you've got your mother involved. No good.

Booker T: That's what I've been trying to tell him.

Marvin: You're no better, Sharrief. Trying to jive your mother. Gail heard you and Mr. Brooks talking. You're just stalling for time.

Gideon: I knew it! *(To Booker T)* You're a wrong dude, man.

Marvin: I say you're both wrong. Picketing. Fighting. You don't settle family problems in public. Gideon, you shouldn't deal with your family the way you deal with your enemies. And you, Sharrief. You're supposed to be a new black man. You should help your mother in her struggle for self-respect. And, Gideon, you should talk to your father. Work out

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your differences. But, first, we've got to settle this thing between Mr. and Mrs. Brooks.

Stormy: Run it down, Marvin! Run it down!

(Cut to: The kitchen downstairs. Mr. Brooks and Sweets are waiting for Booker T.)

Booker T (enters): Hi, Dad.

Mr. Brooks: Well, how does it look?

Booker T: Dad, you've been had. You'd better sign the demands while you're still ahead.

Mr. Brooks: What's come over you, Booker T?

Booker T: You know what they plan to do next? Picket the bank where you keep your money.

Sweets: Wow!

Booker T: Momma's going to print up leaflets. Kids will pass them out around the neighborhood.

Mr. Brooks: Leaflets?

Booker T: Right. And dig this. Momma's setting up a press conference. She's already got the local newspaper. Now she's working with someone at CBS.

Mr. Brooks: Why, I'll crush her with my hands!

Booker T: She's got a group of women karate experts. Just in case there's any rough stuff.

Sweets: Man, you better get a lawyer.

Booker T: Momma's already talked to three lawyers. One is on your side. He said the least Momma would get is the apartment and all the money.

Sweets: All the money?

Mr. Brooks: Son, what are we going to do?

Booker T: What do you mean "we," baby? I'm going back upstairs to talk to a lady.

Mr. Brooks: A lady?

Booker T: Yeah. She's got a mind like a razor and a heart as big as a watermelon.

Mr. Brooks: Who?

Booker T: Your wife, Dad. *(He leaves.)*

Mr. Brooks (faces the camera): Oh, no! The bad guys are winning!

(Cut to: Gail and Marvin's wedding. Most of the guests are dressed in African robes, including Mrs. Brooks. Mr. Brooks wears a dark suit. His face is grim. At the end of the ceremony, Marvin and Gail are handed a cup. Each

sips wine from it. Then the cup is passed to their families. When Mr. Brooks gets the cup, he just looks at it. Finally, he takes a sip from it. The guests start dancing. Mr. Brooks leaves. Mrs. Brooks doesn't see him go. But soon she is looking for him. Ruby comes over with a plate loaded with food.)

Ruby: Gladys, these African weddings is all right.

Mrs. Brooks: Yes, it was lovely.

Ruby: I still can't believe you got Mr. Brooks to sign that list. You ought to be mighty proud of yourself.

Mrs. Brooks: Thank you, Ruby. I had a lot of help.

Ruby: Hey, Gladys. You reckon something like that would work on my Wilbur?

(Mrs. Brooks doesn't have a chance to answer. Gideon starts dancing with her. By

now, everyone is dancing. Suddenly, Mr. Brooks appears. He is wearing a dashiki. He has beads around his neck — over his necktie!)

Mr. Brooks: Somebody give me five! Give me five on the black hand side!

(The music stops.)

Preston: Man, take a look at John Henry!

Booker T: Hey, Dad! You're really out of sight!

Gideon: Yeah, Dad. You're baaaaaad!

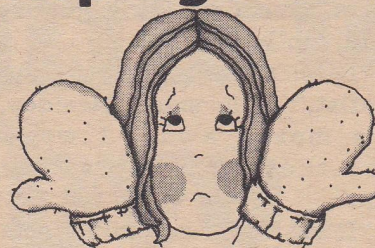
Mr. Brooks: Where is that beautiful, ever-loving Gladys Ann Brooks?

(Mrs. Brooks comes over with tears in her eyes. She puts the back of her hand on the back of his hand. She is giving him "five on the black hand side." Then they hug each other. Everyone smiles, as we fade out.)

THE END

nail biter #117

hand hider gets real help with stop 'n grow.



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a bottle of willpower for your nails.

Advice to youth on 1974 Science Fairs:

Winning a prize is more satisfying than not winning a prize.

Judges favor projects they can understand.

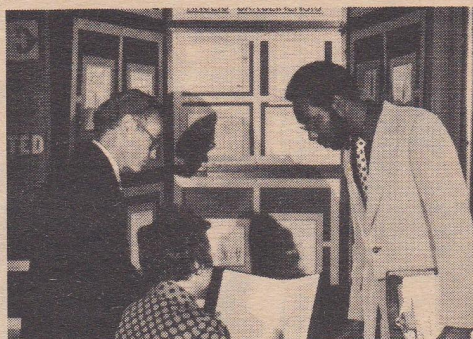
Well-planned photography may help them understand.

Now—not next spring—is the time to plan.

We offer helpful hints.
Write Dept. 841, Kodak,
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Any questions?



Wrong Turn

Ellie and her sister Josie lived in Dixon City for 60 years. One day, Ellie got an awful toothache.

"I don't want to go to the dentist," Ellie said. "Besides, he's moved away. I won't take that long trip to see him."

"It won't be so bad," Josie said. "Here are some pills. Take one of them now. Take the other one when you're halfway there."

So Ellie got on the bus. "Please let me know when we get to Jackson," she told the driver.

Every 15 minutes, Ellie went up to the driver. She would ask, "Did we get to Jackson yet?"

The driver would say, "No. I'll let you know when we get there."

Ellie asked him at least six times. Finally, he said, "Why don't you stay in your seat? I promise I'll let you know." So Ellie stayed in her seat, and the bus went on.

Suddenly, the driver remembered something. He had forgotten about Ellie and Jackson. So he turned around, and drove 22 miles back to Jackson.

He called out, "Here we are. We're in Jackson."

"Oh, I don't want to get off," Ellie said. "My sister told me to take this pill when I was halfway to the dentist."

Grateful Parent

"Are you the lifeguard who saved my little boy from drowning?"

"Yes, I am."

"You risked your life to

pull him out of those dangerous waves?"

"I guess I did."

"Then what did you do with his hat?"

Science Lesson No. 1

"What is the most important part of the body?"

"Your mouth. Suppose you didn't have a mouth. If you drank a cup of coffee, it would go all over your clothes."

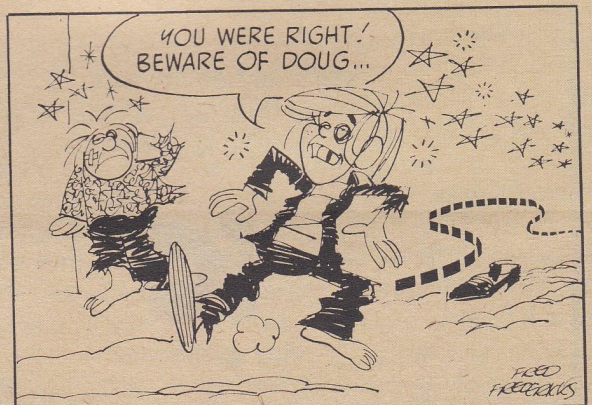
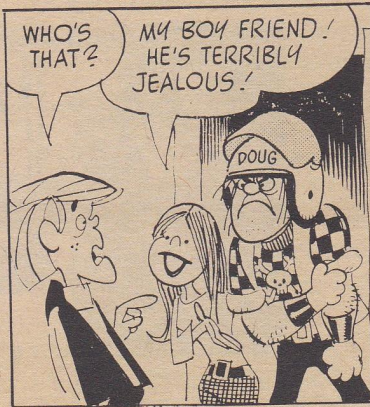
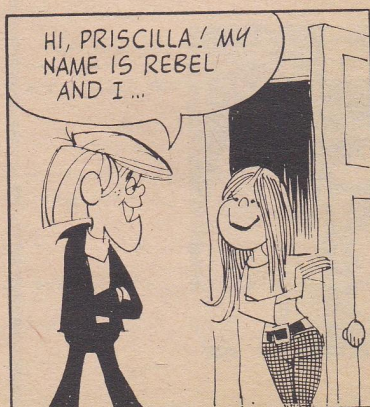
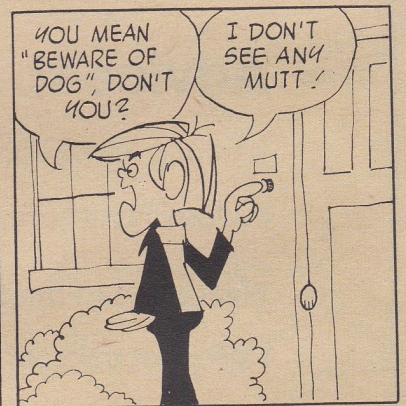
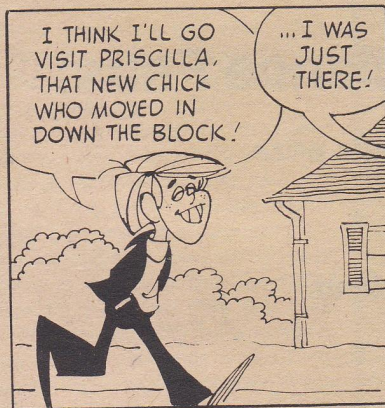
"No. For me, it's the dimples in my knees. I eat celery in bed, and that's where I keep the salt."

Science Lesson No. 2

"Did you know it takes four sheep to make one sweater?"

"I didn't know they could knit."

REBEL



Some guys need 6 months to say good-bye.

Soon you'll be graduating, and you'll have earned some time of your own. Time to tie up loose ends. Lucy, Ellen, Annette, Nancy, June, Mary Anne, to name a few.

But wouldn't you enjoy this time a lot more if you knew what you'd be doing afterward? Like starting a great new job?

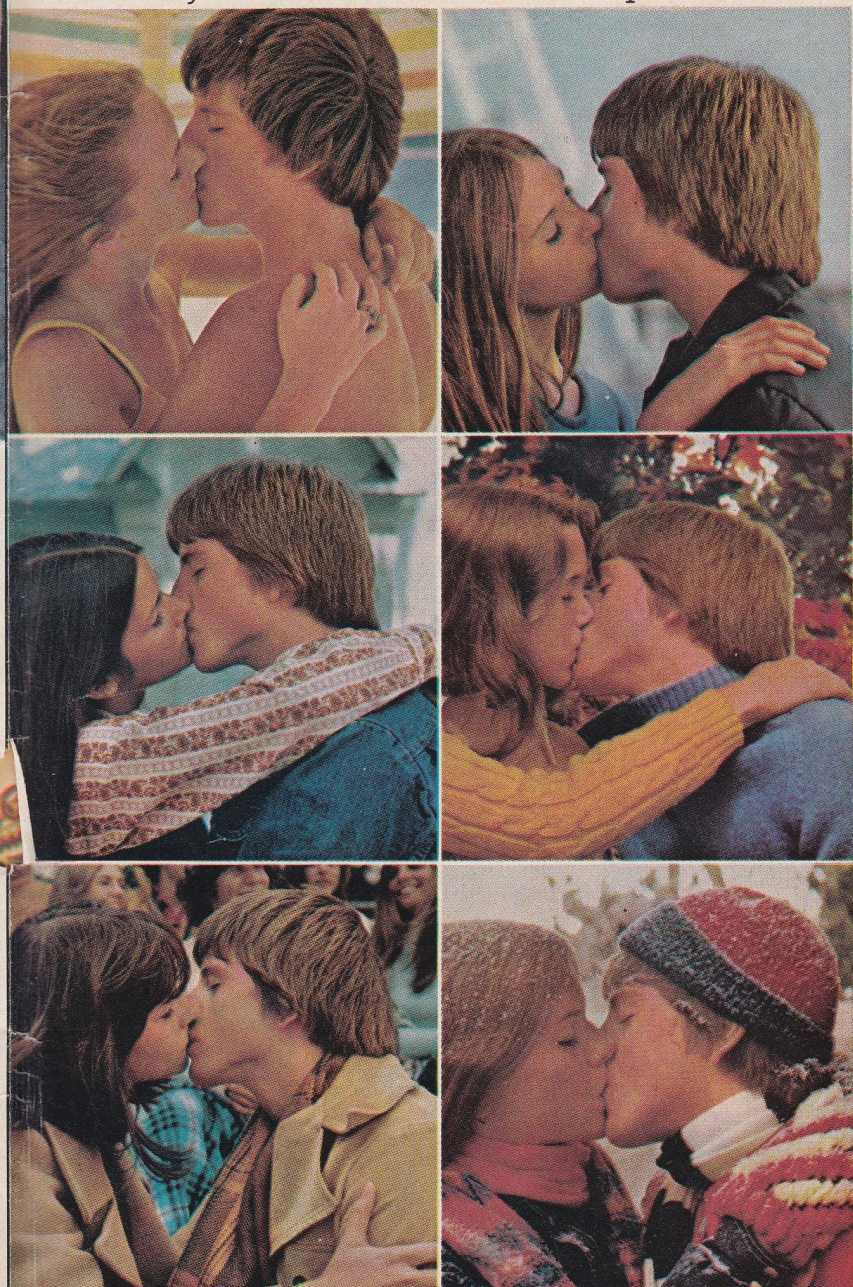
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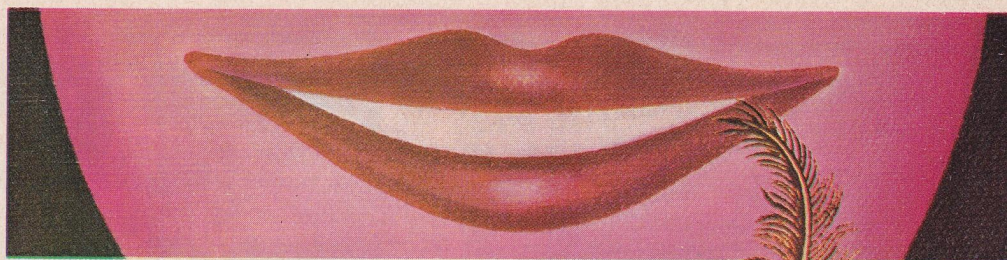
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A tickle.



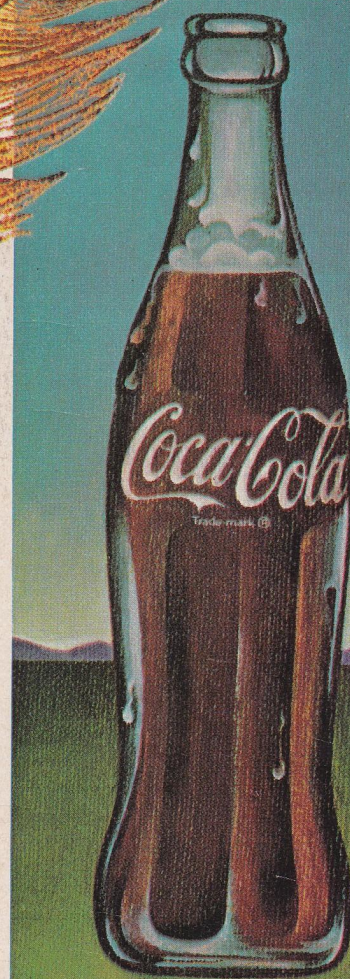
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A breeze.



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